PUNCH *turn'd* Critick,

IN A

LETTER

TO THE

Honourable and (some time ago) Worshipful RECTOR of *Covent-Garden*.

WITH SOME

Wooden Remarks

ON HIS

SERMON,

Preach'd the 30th of *January*, 1711.

He's enough to make a Log speak, or a Parson sweat. Eng. Proverbs.

Printed in the Year 1712.

Price Two Pence.

PUNCH *turn'd* Critick,

IN A

LETTER

TO THE

HONOURABLE and (ſometime ago) WORSHIPFUL Rector of *Covent-Garden*, &c.

SIR,

MY Maſter having lock'd up my beſt Legs, on the 30th of *January*, to prevent my runing Abroad, and getting Drunk with the Prentice-Boys, ſpoil'd my Deſign of coming to hear you celebrate that *Day*, which you had once before done in ſo remarkable a manner; but to make me a-

monds ſince, he has preſented me with your *Sermon*, which I have perus'd with all the Care it deſerves. I can't boaſt, at preſent, of much Acquaintance with you; tho' ſome of your and my *Audience* inform me, that we both profeſs much the ſame Principles, eſpecially, that General One, of making our *Congregations* Laugh, for as you run down the *Pope's Religion*, ſo do I the ſame by his *Muſick*; and as you Combate the *French King* in the Pulpit, ſo do I the great *Pig*, the Emblem of him, on the Stage. I ſcarcely, with more Delight, ſee a full Houſe, at a Repreſentation of ours, than a full Church at yours; well knowing what a good Preparative your are to us; your *Preſence* naturally introducing *Redicule*, and your *Doctrine* qualfying them for our *Buffoonry*. Beſides, we are both admir'd and reſorted to by People of the ſame *Taſte* and *Judgment*, by the ſame Champions for *Farce* and *Nonſence*, ſuch as dote violently upon *Sounds*, that delight much in Words without Meaning, that prefer well-deliver'd *Hum's* and *Ha's* to the politeſt Oratory, and attribute moſt *Wit* to the ſhrilleſt *Vociferation*.

Some People imagine, that we are both hir'd by the Enemy's of *Church* and *Stage* to ruin their Conſtitutions: I, in a *Scenick* way,

way, to dethrone *Sense*, the *Heir-Apparent* of our English *Stage*, and to set up in his stead feeble *Puns*, and servile *Conundrums*; and so, by corrupting Men's Tastes with such *Ribaldry*, by degrees to draw 'em from their *Obedience* to *Wit*. So you, by senseless Invectives against *Popery*, effectually disgrace our *Protestant* Religion; for to exclaim only against a Thing without the Conviction of good Arguments, makes People believe, that *Self-Interest* and *Malice* are more concern'd in it than *Truth* and *Reason*; for where there are no Arguments produc'd, they necessarily conclude there are none, and always come away in favour of the Vice that is so weakly insulted. I don't know what Principles may move you, but our Ends prove the same; for whilst you make such weak, unmeaning Harangues, against *Popery*, and with so little Strength defend *Protestantism*, People can't forbear giving you that *Denomination*, which you have more than once given some of your *Parish*.

Now, my dear Friend, if you have any Stock by you of that Christian *Virtue*, call'd *Patience*, I desire you would use a little of it in my Service, to hear calmly the Observations I shall make on your Sermon.

But to begin with the Motto, which, I understand, you borrow'd from an inge-

nious Sermon of Dr. *South*'s, on the same Occasion, and which you did well in; tho' some *Waggs* think you would have done much better, if you had taken his *Sermon* too. The *Title-Page* is the only Thing proper to the Day, that I could find throughout the *Whole*; and, as being the only one, I think 'tis a pity you should have depriv'd your *Audience* of it: How much better would it have been, if before the Service, the *Clerk*, with an audible Voice, had communicated your Intents to 'em, and aloud pronounc'd,

A Sermon to be preach'd at St. Paul's Covent-Garden, *on the 30th of* January, 1711. *being the Anniversary-Fast, for the Martyrdom of King* Charles I.

By the Honourable Robert Lumley Lloyd, *of* Cheam *in* Surrey, *one of Her Majesty's late Justices of the Peace for the*

the said County, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, and Chaplain to the Most Noble his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

Regium est bona agere & mala pati.

Then they might have been sure to have heard something on the *Occasion*; but as it was before, I will defy the greatest *Conjurer* in this *Hemisphere* to find out what *Day* of the *Year* it was made for.

But, may it please your *Honour*, what Occasion have you now to tell us, That you was once his *Worship* too? I thought People had never bragg'd of *Disgraces*, or reckon'd *Dishonours* amongst their *Titles*. This is the kindest, most open-hearted thing in the World, to tell us, That Her *Majesty* once thought you fit to act in a Commission of *Justice* of the *Peace* under Her; but that now she has turn'd you out, for a *s----y ins----ficant F--w*, unfit to be trusted with so *solemn* and *weighty* a Charge. This I take to be the natural Meaning of the Words. I can't imagine what induc'd you

to it. In the Name of *Goodneſs*, did you fall foul upon *your ſelf* to prevent Reproaches from other *Quarters*? This is a miſerable way of Vindication. Or did it you out of pure good *Principle*, to undeceive the World, and let 'em know, that you was not fit to be truſted with the *Preſervation* of their *Rights*, or the *Salvation* of their *Souls*? If this was the Reaſon, I will, for the future, allow you to have a good *Conſcience*, but bad *Politicks*.

But I will proceed now to examine ſome few things in your *Sermon*, paſſing by your *Prayer*, which there was as little Reaſon to print before your *Sermon*, as there was to print the firſt and ſecond *Leſſons* after it.

I won't diſapprove of any thing, till you come to call us the *Seculum Mendax*, and to appropriate *L--ing* peculiarly to the *Time* we now live in. I don't ſee that this Iniquity prevails more than any other; or that we are more eminent for it than our *Predeceſſors* were. I believe you would find, That *Whoring*, *Drinking*, and *Gaming*, engage the moſt faſhionable Part of *Mankind*; and to throw that Vice upon the *poorer* Sort, would be adding an uncharitable *Shame*, which they don't deſerve, to their *Afflictions*. I never remember the Time, *when* to be told that we *ly'd*, was thought

a

a greater *Injury* than 'tis *now*; nothing is thought to detract more from our *Reputation*; nothing more sensibly wounds our *Honour*; nothing is reveng'd with more *Virulence*.

The Reason of this is, That a *Lye* is thought by the present World, who are nicely bred up in all the Rules and Punctillio's of *Honour*, (tho' I could wish they hated it upon a better *Principle*, I mean that of *Christianity*) to be a cowardly *Excuse*, an ignoble *Evasion*, an unpardonable *Reproach*. How many have lost their Lives, that might have sav'd 'em by telling an *Untruth*? So that where we find Men so tenderly concern'd for the *Scandal*, we ought, in Charity, to think they as tenderly avoid the *Occasion* of it.

I don't think your Love for *Truth* will justify your giving the whole World the *Lye*. If I can't say, that the *Zeal for God's House hath eaten you up*, I may be bold to say, It hath devour'd your *Good Manners*.

After your general Position of calling us all Lyars, the next thing you endeavour, is, to prove it in particular Instances: First, by our saying, That there are amongst Her *Majesty's* Subjects Men of *Republican*, *Antimonarchical* Principles; amongst which, you and your *Party* accuse

your

yourselves as meant. That there are, and ever were, such *Men* in the World, all Men would no more deny, than that there is, or ever was, *Sin* in it. It must lie in one of the two *Parties* that compose the whole Body of our *Nation*; either *Whig* or *Tory* must have it. Now, if the Character of a *Tory* be (as at present it plainly appears) to act for the Safety of our *Religion*; to discountenance *all false Doctrine*, *Heresy*, and *Schism*, in the *Professors* of it; so to settle the *Prerogative* of the *Crown*, as not to oppress the *Liberties* of the *People*; to oppose alike *Tyranny* and *Common-Wealths*; we may be certain these People are not meant here. Now if your Character of *Whiggism* be, (as a Man, without *Spectacles*, may see that it is) to be universal in *Religions*; to comprehend all *Sects* and *Hereſies* under the Sun; to unite *Pagans* and *Christians*, of all *Colours*, into one *Politick Body*, where almost every one travels a *ſeparate* and *By-way* to *Heaven*, every one frames *Schemes* of *Government* for himself, and only agree, in general, to oppose and break the best *Conſtitution* in the World; to drive out all *Order* and *Decency* from *Church* and *State*; and to introduce *Anarchy* and *Confuſion*. Now if these are the Marks of each *Party* (as I don't doubt but they are) I hope we

shall be no longer call'd *Lyars*, for giving you those Denominations.

But next, 'tis worth observing, how prettily you recommend your selves to the World, by bawling out, *Men and Brethren, I am a Pharisee, the Son of a Pharisee*; it would have been a much better Excuse, to have cry'd out, *I am Fool, the Son of a Fool, and all our Party are Fools*: Besides, by that means you might have your selves the trouble of saying, *We are no Spies, neither French nor Popish Emissaries, we are True-Men*; only by acknowledging the first, you might have clear'd your selves from the last Imputation.

Now, what you mean by calling your selves *True-Men*, after calling the whole World *Lyars*, I can't tell. Whether it is, because you still remain Firm and *True* to your *good Old Cause* of *Forty One*: Or whether, because you keep *True* to your own *Interests*, by being *False* to other Peoples; or would you have the Word *True-Men* understood in the same Sense as *Constant*, and so tell us (what we know already) that you are *Positive*, *Obstinate*, *Self-will'd*, *persevering* in *Errors*. If you don't mean so, I am certain 'tis the only Construction which can be put upon that Word, when it would express any thing that relates to

you!

your *Party*, *Shakespear*, (whose Authority I believe, is as good as yours) uses the Word *True-Men* in Opposition to *Thieves*; but which way the *Antithesis* between these and *Lying* is brought about, I can't divine. If you had call'd it the *Secular Piracy*, an Age of *Robbery* and *Plunder*, you might have had some colour for it, that Expression having been verify'd too much, I'm afraid, already, by some of your *Right-hand Brethren*.

Now, in the same Page that you call your selves *True-Men*, you call us *Egyptian Reeds*. The Quality of a *Reed*, is to be shaken by every blast, to bend to *Perfecuting* Winds, and not to be able to stand against the *Rage* of *Tempests*. This Unsteadiness, is far from being the *Character* of the *Honest Torys*, who already have pass'd through all these *Tryals*; and you, with *Shame* and *grief* of *Heart*, know with what *Bravery* they have bore them. No, no, They are the sturdy *English Oaks*, that support the *Structure* of this *Government*; that prop up the *Laws* and *Religion*; that are the *Strength* of this Nation in times of *War*, and the *Glory* of it in times of *Peace*; it was not by relying upon them, that that *Unfortunate Prince* lost his Life. *They* firmly stood by *him*, spent their Estates

for

for *him*, perish'd with *him*: He depended too much upon his own *Integrity* and *Innocence*, which were rather *Baits* to, than *Security* from your *Villanies*; too much rely'd on your *Promises* and *Professations*; was too openhearted for your crafty *Designs*; with too honest an *Ear* receiv'd your false *Vows* and *Protestations*, 'till he was betray'd to that dismal *Ruin*, which we now in *Fasting* and *Prayer*, annually Commemorate.

I believe the Expostulation of your *Party*, at the bottom of the Sixth Page, would be thought more proper to you with these Alterations. Were not the *M——ers* of that blessed *Prince* always bawling out, that they were *Protestants*? *So are you.* Were they Enemies to *absolute* Mo——chy and Encouragers of *Presbytery*? *So are you.* Did they oppose Laws of their own making to *Hereditary, Divine* Right? *So do you.* Were they *Strenuous Asserters* of *Revolutions* and Changes? *So are you.* Did they pretend to *detest* and *abhor Reb——ons* with their Mouths, and promote them in their Actions? *So do you.* In a Word, were they resolv'd to obey no body but whom they had a mind to? Did they not set the *Humours* of a *Mob*, above the *Pre——gative* of the Cr...n? *Even so do you.*

But

But my dear little *Son of Thunder*, what makes you, in the Seventh Page, so angry on a ſudden with your Audience, by giving ſome or other of them the Name of *Lurking Jeſuits*, *Popiſh Incendiaries*, or *French Penſioners*? I can ſcarcely think it would be worth the *Pope's* or the *French Tyrant's* while to ſend any body over on purpoſe to watch *you*; for I believe you are as little fear'd Abroad, as admir'd at Home. If our *Engeniers* were no better at Battering their Towns, than you are at Demoliſhing their Religion, the Walls might ſtand till they fell of themſelves. Neither of them care a *Fart* whether you are deſcended from *Roundhead* or *Cavalier*: If you have a mind to let 'em know, I believe you muſt be at the Expence of the *Meſſenger* your ſelf, tho' it would ſhew both more *Courage* and *Ingenuity*, if you would go over in *Perſon*, and tell 'em your *Opinion* of the Matter.

As you tell us, in this Page, that you have done playing the *Fool* by way of *Premiſe*, and are about to return to your *Text*; ſo ſhall I have done with my *Remarks*, only begging leave to ask you, What put it in your Head, in the Fourteenth Page, to pretend to underſtand *Phyſick*, and ſo to take the freedom of Talking like

like an *Apothecary* to your *Audience*? I thought it had been enough to have shew'd your self a D———ct Doctor of *Divinity*, without being one in *Physick* too. Methinks it might suffice to write dull *Recipes* for Souls, without pretending to duller *Prescriptions* upon Bodies. Now, to prove that you understand it, you lay down these *Maxims*; *That if Heat or Sweat be general, and all over the Body, 'tis a sign of Health; but if it be partial, more in one place then another, it is a sign of* Agues, Fever, *or other Distempers.*

Now, my Friend, the *Doctor* tells me, that you are mistaken in both these *Rules*; for what is more the Sign of a *Fever* then a *general Heat* throughout the whole Body? What is more of *Weakness* and *Decay* in *Constitutions*, than a *general, uninterrupted Sweat*? Here he brings your own sweet self as an *Instance* to the contrary, who he calls a *Hot-headed Man*, having known your *Brains boil*, and your *Head smoke* with *Heat* in the latter end of *January*, when all other Parts must necessarily be ready to be pinch'd to Death with *Cold*, and all this without any visible *Prejudice* or *Injury* to *Health*.

I shall say nothing more on this *Occasion*, till I see you, or have an Answer from you;

you; which, if it comes from your [illegible] I don't doubt but will prove that [illegible] is as little given to *Lying* as [illegible] *Neighbours*. I would not have you [illegible] what I say, because it comes [illegible] *Mouth* of *Wood*, for I don't think [illegible] Face looks sometimes pretty near as [illegible] *mane* as *yours*; and I assure you, I am [illegible] of as good *Stuff* as any of the *Oracles* [illegible] *old* were, and perhaps endu'd with [illegible] good a *Spirit* of *Prophesying*. So, De[illegible] *Dr. Timberpate*, I remain,

Your humble Servant, and

Most Dutiful, tho' most

January 31. 1711-12. *From the corner of my Piazza in Covent-Garden.*

Unworthy Parishioner,

Seignioro Punchanello

FINIS.